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THE ROYAL DREAM;

OR THE

P——— in a PANIC.

AN

ECLOGUE,

WITH

ANNOTATIONS.

"*The Lion will not touch the true Prince.*"

SHAKESPEARE.

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THE

ROYAL DRAM;

OR THE

PATRIOTIC

AN

ECLOGUE,

WITH

ANNOTATIONS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

INTRODUCTION.

THE converſion of ſinners is conſidered by every pious believer, as a ſource of the moſt beneficial example to mankind. To this opinion, however general, I cannot bring myſelf to accede; nay, from ſuch an Idea, however pleaſing, my underſtanding obliges me to diſſent; and I do not heſitate to declare, as an incontrovertible truth, that the notorious converſation of notorious offenders, however ſalutary ſuch a change may be to themſelves, has been, now is, and ever will be attended with

very fatal consequences to a large part of mankind.

The *Earl of Rochester*'s final repentance, religious end and funeral sermon have done more mischief, than were ever produced by his early vice, continued depravities and lascivious compositions. Every loose, disorderly and vicious character has, in the usual course of self-delusion, a fatal encouragement to continue an irregular life, with the pious intention of one day wiping off the heavy score, after that Noble man's example.---If he had died a martyr to disease, covered with misfortunes or yelling with despair, it might, indeed, have been a very uncomfortable circumstance for his Lordship, but it would have terrified many a jovial intemperate soul from consoling himself with the designs of future piety, and becoming a final prey to that wretched self-delusion, which, in the opinion

of

of a wise monarch, is attached, above all things to the human heart.*

Henry the Fifth most graciously presents himself as another example, in favor of the foregoing declaration; indeed, the number of Sovereigns is, fortunately, so very limited in that part of the Globe, where any pernicious consequences might wait upon his example, that the course of argument, if it were to be continued, must flow rather in Hypothetical Mæander, than in the strong current of fact and example.

I do

* One grand objection which many sensible persons have made to the *Beggars-Opera*, has arisen from the conclusion of it.—The reprieve of *Macheath* has been considered as an encouragement to imitate his crimes, in the hopes of finding his pardon; and, as this idea suits with my argument, I shall most cordially adopt it.—A modern manager indeed, has attempted to give a more moral catastrophe to that celebrated piece, by changing the *reprieve* to a *sentence on the Hulks*; but *Sophocles*, who only consults his feelings, finds his good-nature disappointed by such a refinement, and does not relish the alteration.

I do not aſſert, for I cannot prove, that the hidden reformation of his character from a long courſe of folly to inſtantaneous wiſdom, has been attended with any fatal effects upon the minds or conducts of his ſucceſſors; but I will venture to affirm, that the ſtriking metamorphoſis of this prince has been held forth to encourage and juſtify the intemperate ſallies and thoughtleſs extravagance of a young man, his equal in rank, and his ſuperior in youthful diſſipation, as I truſt he will one day be in mature glory.

The contagion of example will infect a royal as well as an inferior mind, and the miſchief will be in proportion to the influence of its object: nor do I doubt, if it were poſſible for a young prince to loſe all ſenſe of decency and good order, with all remembrance of former inſtruction, and ſo far forget the dignity of his ſtation,

ſtation, as to unite in friendſhip with ſome of the worſt, and live in good fellowſhip with ſome of the loweſt characters of his time, if his only apparent object ſhould be the pleaſure of the moment; if he ſhould be equally inattentive to his own welfare as to the public opinion, and pay an inadequate, or perhaps no regard at all to the immediate example of virtue that precedes him; I ſay, were a royal youth to poſſeſs ſuch diſpoſitions, and to purſue ſuch a conduct, I do not doubt but that the wretched paraſites about him, would endeavour to promote his exceſſes, as they would ſtrive to ſmother any riſing compunction, in his generous nature, by holding up before him the riots of *Eaſt-cheap*, and the juvenile follies of the *Fifth Henry*: nor would they fail to trace the glory which emblazoned the *King* to the mad-cap revels of the *Prince of Wales*: they would however, paſs over with a

cautious reſerve, one little defect in the character of the *former*, which was his ingratitude in diſcharging, on his coming to the crown, all the faithful adherents of the *latter*.

There have been times when mankind were diſpoſed to believe, that royal birth poſſeſſed ſuperior nature; at ſuch a time, monarchs did not often diſcover themſelves to their people, but lived a dull, ſtill life, of regular magnificence; and, like the great *Lama* of *Tartary*, received the homage of a people, whom they ſeldom ſaw. But, in theſe more enlightened days, Princes are become communicative of their virtues and their failings. They ſhew themſelves to the common gaze of mankind, they mingle in their pleaſures, and come forward, as it were, to bleſs the eyes and receive the congratulations of their delighted ſubjects. His preſent Majeſty frequently offers

offers himself to public view, in a twofold gracious aspect; as the honored father of a numerous and lovely progeny, as well as the sovereign of an happy and a loyal people.

The *Emperor* of *Germany* rejoices to throw off the pomp and formality of his exalted station, when, by such a condescension, he can acquire any knowledge that may qualify him to extend the happiness of his dominions. There is a young man who imitates *Imperial Joseph*, in sometimes mingling with people far beneath him; but whether he does it for the same laudable purpose, I shall not presume to determine; be that as it may, royal reflection might profitably employ itself on the difference there is between a Prince, whom every one rejoices to know as a man, and the man, whom no one rejoices to know as a Prince.—If there should be

be ſuch a man as the former, he is above my inſtruction, as he is ſuperior to my praiſe. But ſhall there exiſt ſuch a character as the latter, I ſhould not heſitate to offer the following pages to his ſervice: and, who knows but they may be peruſed with ſome degree of ſalutary attention, before they are delivered over to the curling tongs of his *Valet de Chambre*.

Cambridge, April 30th, 1785.

THE ROYAL DREAM, &c.

THE clock ſtruck four, the morning buſ'neſs done,
FLORELLO, tir'd of flattery and fun,
With riſing vapours of champagne oppreſt,
Thrice yawn'd moſt royally and reel'd to reſt.
Upon the pillow's downy ſoftneſs laid,
He re-enjoys the ſcene; by fancy's aid,
Scatt'ring her pictures o'er his heated brain,
He acts the midnight riot o'er again, [ſtrain,
And thrice declares the pledge and thrice commands the
But other objects croud the fleeting dream;
'Croſs the dark void illumin'd ſpectres gleam.

Loud blows the tempeſt and, with hideous roar,
The angry billows laſh th' affrighted ſhore;
The turrets totter and the mountain's height,
Preſents it's dangers to the dazzled ſight:
'Till, harraſs'd with the viſionary pain,
FLORELLO ſtarts and wakes,---and ſleeps again.
Again he dreams; and lo, in ſolemn mood,
Beſide his bed a fancied ſpectre ſtood!
The ribband hung acroſs his flowing veſt;
The ſilver ſtar was faded on his breaſt;
A tear appear'd to ſtand in either eye,
His boſom labour'd with the ſwelling ſigh;
When waving either hand the viſion ſpoke,
And thus the more than midnight ſilence broke.
" I am thy grandfire's ghoſt to whom 'tis given,
By the rare warrant of indulgent heaven,
To quit my dark abode, and, to thy youth,
Point out the ways of honour and of truth.

That

Think not I come a tardy ſon to chide,
Or from the preſent path to turn aſide
His eager ſteps:--I bid him onward run
The fair career his virtue has begun.
My taſk, as jockies guide the generous horſe,
To urge his ſwiftneſs and direct his courſe;
By ſome kind, lib'ral ſyſtem to beſtow
The certain joy without ſucceeding woe;
To check th' impetuous virtue and controul
By wholeſome rules the feelings of his ſoul.
And much it joys me that thy ready mind,
By no unſeemly prejudice confin'd,
With all the graceful negligence of art,
Pants for the maxims which I now impart.
This is thy favour'd hour, the happy time
When youth and vigour feel their golden prime;
When paſſion wakes, and hope's gay ardor leads
To pleaſure's fragrant bow'rs and painted meads;

When

When ev'ry pulſe beats high and roſy joy
Tells of thoſe raptures that can never cloy.
This is the happy time, the favour'd hour,
No more the ſlave of arbitrary power,
When mitred dulneſs held the threat'ning rod,
And terror waited on a father's nod;
You now enjoy the free and eaſy ſtate
'Twixt early bondage and the cares that wait
Around the throne, for ſhould a throne be thine,
Thy gay and frolic humour muſt reſign.
It's wayward paſtimes and it's wanton glee,
To the proud cares of ſovereign royalty.
Short and uncertain is youth's blooming day;
Soon may the hours of freedom paſs away;
Haſte then while time is thine, delighted rove
Through all the perfum'd labyrinths of love,
Where pleaſure ſmiles, where luxury invites,
Obey the call, purſue the gay delights.

Which

Which flatt'ring pride or venal fools prepare,
Thy present smile or future grace to share;
But let not Venus boast thy only rites;
The rosy God will claim his festive nights.*
Dame Fortune too will ask a fav'rite's place,
Nor be contented with a loose embrace;‡
And crouds of lesser votaries will claim
The kind protection of thy honour'd name.
But still let cool discretion act its part;
Whatever wishes warm your gen'rous heart.

* Departed spirits do not know so much of this upper world as they pretend; or such an anticipated admonition would never have been offered.—Our ghost, by the failure of some packet, had not been informed, that the darling object of his councils would drink two bottles of old hock at a sportsman's breakfast without being sick, or sorry; and that in the true spirit of Roman gluttony, he will discharge his distended stomach again and again, in order to enjoy the repeated pleasure of replenishing it.

‡ If we may judge from some late Newmarket expeditions, the lady has formed a plan, in concert with some of her emissaries, to keep him, while he is worth keeping, entirely to herself.

Whatever ſyren tempts you to the ſhore;
Whether you dance, or drink, or game, or whore;
Whether with attic wits you proudly ſhine,
With fidlers* prattle, or with gamblers dine;
Howe'er you act, my ſon, whate'er you do,
Let prudence ſtill ſuggeſt the lurking view.
When the ſly ſharks have mark'd thee for their prey,
Be you as cunning and as ſhrew'd as they:
Whatever thoughts your panting breaſt may ſhare,
Let caution find a ſecret corner there.*

How great the pride, the day of folly paſt,
To prove the cunning villains dupes at laſt,
When the lewd brothel or the harlot's ſmile
Refuſe your fated ſenſes to beguile;
When paſſion, tir'd of purchas'd joys, would prove
Something like raptures of a real love;

* Departed ſpirits do not know ſo much of this upper world as they pretend; or ſuch an inſtance of ſcrupulous caution had not been inſcrutable.---Our abſolute maſter of the ſecret reſerves had not been ſo long undiſcovered. that the darling object of his councils would drink two bottles of old hock at a ſportſman's ſupper, and then, in the true ſpirited Roman falſhion, be will diſcharge his diſtended ſtomach again and again, in order to enjoy the repeated pleaſure of refilling it.

‡ If we may judge from ſome late Newmarket expeditions, the lady

* This advice is well obſerved; for the caution in his panting breaſt, lies concealed in ſuch a ſecret corner, that his moſt intimate friends have not the leaſt ſuſpicion of it.

Let

Let not your keen desires the wish impart
To turn from innocence the virgin's heart,
To leave the darling of a parent's care
A prey to fell remorse and pale despair.
Nor let the wanton hours thy thoughts inflame
To turn from wedded love the noble dame;
Correct the wish, the giddy rage command,
And fear the fate of UNCLE CUMBERLAND.
Oh rather seek some pretty, pouting fair,
No longer flatter'd by an husband's care,
Who treats with coldness all her glowing charms,
And turns to rapture in a wanton's arms;
Or, having lost each dear and tender name,
Each generous feeling in the love of game,
When ruin threatens would with joy behold
The budding horns, if they were tipt with gold.
Here then indulge, from every terror free,
The twofold bliss of love and charity.

—Or

The

---Or let thy catering panders ſtrive to find
An huſband poor and proud who would be blind
To his wife's ſhame, would you but condeſcend
To rank him with your train, and call him friend;
Who would rejoice to ſee the diamond ſhine
On her ſmooth brow were but the preſent thine;
Proud that your royal bounty ſhould receive
The beſt returns her gratitude could give.*

Thus act, my boy, nor fear a royal frown,
Or the vain cenſure of an idle town!
What are ſuch cenſures, or thoſe frowns to thee,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſhudder at adultery?
While thy ſage uncles took delight the rove
Through the rank mazes of illicit love,

* To honour a gentleman with a viſit, and under pretence of very confidential buſineſs with ſome particular perſons of his houſehold, to ſend that gentleman with a letter, which contains nothing but the moſt abſolute command to make the bearer of it completely drunk, that the writer of it might be left alone with his wife; all this may be conſidered as a maſterly piece of diſcretion, by the *actors* in the piece: the ſpectators, perhaps, may be of a very different opinion.

The

They bore no ſtain; but when by Hymen led
To the chaſte pleaſures of the nuptial bed,
They felt the foul diſgrace; forbid to ſport
Their tainted figures in a pious court.
Princes are bound by laws that do not bind
The more inferior claſſes of mankind:
But equal juſtice fails not to beſtow
Some precious rights the vulgar muſt not know.
To cheer the ſocial hour and jocund rite,
The Feaſt by day, the gay debauch by night,
Let no falſe ſcruple urge thee to refuſe
Whate'er the turf, the club, the ſtreets, the ſtews
May offer to thy wiſh; all means employ
T'improve the moments of convivial joy.
From ſuch a band another uſe may flow:
Their various ſkill will teach thee well to know
The ways of men; for oh! the hardeſt part
Of human knowledge is the human heart.

The herd may call thee low, and ſay 'tis baſe
To let thy preſence ſuch vile circles grace,
But mind not that, if Machiavel ſpeaks true,
And he each maze of human cunning knew,
'Tis with ſuch varied tribes, in ſuch a ſchool,
You'll learn the great and ſov'reign art to rule.
But let no ſlaviſh pomp your feaſts reſtrain,
Beneath your gilded roofs let freedom reign,
Puſh round the glaſs, command th' enliv'ning bowl,
Let the gay juice unlock the ſecret ſoul;
Chaſe vain diſtinction; from your frizled hair
Pluck the TIARA chance has planted there,
Forget thyſelf,---to aid the myſtic plan,
Lay royalty aſide and play the man;
Or if 'twould more enhance the general joy,
Let manhood reſt awhile and,---play the boy!
'Twill well reward thy pains, for great's power
Of Bacchus gay intoxicated hour,

To tell the ſecret thoughts, and to impart
The hidden purpoſe of the cunning heart.
But would you know the paſſions that infeſt
With dead'ning influence the human breaſt,
Chaſe the gay ſcene, the ready dice command,
Let the box rattle in each eager hand.
Mix with the noiſy tribe and mark by turns
How ſwelling hope within each boſom burns;
How, in a moment, forc'd by pale deſpair,
It quits the harraſs'd throne it ſought to ſhare;
How, in the heart, by jarring tempeſts toſt,
Truth, honour, reaſon, virtue all are loſt.*
—Let not the frenzy fright thee; rather try
What venture waits upon the treach'rous die.

* As fortunes may be loſt, fortunes may alſo be recovered at the gaming table,—Various circumſtances may reſtore a man to that opulence of which a fondneſs for play has deprived him: but the nobleſt feelings of the mind and the beſt qualities of the heart, which the love of gaming never fails to deſtroy, when once loſt, are gone for ever.

Who,

Who knows but, ſpite of every ſecret art,
Thy lucky throws may wring the gambler's heart.
But ſhould'ſt thou loſe, in fortune's fickle hour,
Mortgage the promiſes of future power.
Should clam'rous duns aſſail thy wearied gate,
And ſorry tradeſmen with impatience wait
Their ling'ring dues, 'till Hotham's eyes behold
Your coffers ſhining with repleniſh'd gold,
Withdraw your favours,—let the crew bemoan
The gilded plumes that made their traffic known:
Is it no honour that your name ſhould grace
The ſplendid portals of the thankleſs race?
Or lends it not the privilege to cheat
The wealthy little ones who ape the great?
Grant then the favour, where your frequent name
May give the ponderous ledger half its fame.*

* A body of creditors did apply to a certain treaſurer to know, when they might expect a liquidation of their demands; and they received for anſwer, that if they did not chuſe to ſerve his maſter any longer, they might ſend in their bills, and take down the ſymbols of ſervice from their ſhop doors.—It might alſo have been added, that their accounts would be entered at large, in the *dooms-day-book*.

In

In this impatient interval between
Thy preſent nonage and the golden ſcene
That fate doth promiſe, let it be your plan
To paſs your days as gaily as you can.
While youth is thine, while you as yet are free,
Hunt through each maze of bleſt variety.
To-day, let noble demireps amuſe;
To-morrow the chaſte rabble of the ſtews.
By turns command the dice, the race, the dance,
The beef of England and the ſoups of France;
But truſt not C----s; what tho' while he tells
The luſcious tale, thy fervent blood rebels;
What tho' he boaſts of thoſe Pariſian charms,
That wait to revel in thy longing arms;
Let not his artful vauntings tempt thee o'er
The waves that part thee from his dang'rous ſhore;
Puſh round the glaſs, and drown his weak deſign
In frequent goblets of deceitful wine;

And while he ſtruggling lies beneath the board,
Purſue thy draughts and mock the Gallic lord. *

Thy changeful fancy, in ſome idle hour,
May pleaſe thee with the dreams of future power,
Or F-- may tell thee it becomes the great
To know a little ſomething of the ſtate,

* They know very little of the views and policy of the French court, who think that it would not rejoice to furniſh any means, or employ any agents to corrupt the mind of an heir apparent of this country. It is an idea which in the preſent ſtate of things, muſt make every reflecting Engliſhman tremble, I believe myſelf to be well founded when I aſſert, that the court of France made ſure of a viſit from a certain great perſonage, during the courſe of the laſt ſummer, and that the Duke of C———s had actually made preparations for ſuch an event, at his favourite Château.—A poſitive act of parliament which it would have been aukward to have violated, with ſome other little *manœvres*, prevented a trip to the continent, which I ſhould have conſidered as a great political evil to this country.—The means that were uſed to ſeduce *Lord Albemarle* from *Paris*, in order to compleat a political deſign, whoſe operation would have been fruſtrated by his preſence in that capital, is not I hope, as yet forgotten.—Some very ſerious conſiderations upon this ſubject, I have reſerved for another place; and ſhall only add, *that there is more in theſe things than good men may think.*

And in a patriot's guiſe, thy youth perſuade
T'attend his eloquence, and learn your trade.
But, ſicken'd with the ſenate's jarring noiſe,
Should your ſoul languiſh for love's ſofter joys,
Some *Tommy Titmouſe*, ever on the wing,
To pander for an embryo of a king,
Will haſte the am'rous parley, and prepare
For thy warm wiſh, the half reluctant fair. *

'Tis wiſer far to paſs your preſent hours
In courtly palaces and ladies bowers,
In Cupid's liſts to urge love's warm debate,
Than aid a factious uproar in the ſtate. †

I

* The ghoſt is by no means a well informed ghoſt, he prophecies after the event has taken place, as all the town knows.

† A moſt ſenſible memorial is to be found in the diary of *Bobb Doddington*, to prove what a ſorry figure an heir apparent muſt ever make at the head of a party; it was written and preſented to *Frederic Prince* of *Wales*, when he was engaged in the trouble, and felt all the inconvenience of ſuch a ſituation. This volume, except the above memorial, does the writer ſo little honour as a man, that I cannot believe it to have been his deſign to have it publiſhed. I ſhould rather think it was brought to light, to make certain impreſſions upon the mind of a certain perſon, whom a certain ſet of men have been doing their utmoſt to betray into his grandfather's errors.

I was myſelf a faction's ready tool,
Of warring politics the giddy fool;
Of a proud miniſter the wanton ſport,
Scorn'd and inſulted by an haughty court;
A diſtant exile from the very throne
Which nature promiſed me ſhould be my own;
But fate forbad, and ſent me to the grave,
Where faction left it's poor, its royal ſlave,
With ſcarce a friend to ſhed an honeſt tear,
O'er my neglected and untimely bier.*
I charge thee let not party villains win
By deſperate arts thy heated mind to ſin

* The death of this amiable prince afforded an odious triumph to his enemies, at a moment when the heats of party are forgotten, and every injury forgiven by a generous mind. He was borne to his grave, not only with an indecent, but a contrived negligence; nor was he attended to that laſt home, even by thoſe men, whoſe inſiduous perſuaſions, induced him to purſue that line of conduct, which embittered his life, and brought upon his poor remains, the laſt mean inſult of a revengeful and unforgiving court.

In

In rude reſiſtance to a father's will
Prudence and honour urge theſe to fulfill:
Th' exterior forms: whate'er thy heart may feel
Let not thy tongue its inward thoughts reveal.
'Twere better far, with gentle grace, to ply
The courtly unction of hypocriſy.
In frequent viſits let thy form perfume
The dull, ſtale commerce of the drawing room,
And now and then, oh! how 'twould pleaſe the Queen,
At chapel royal on a cuſhion lean;
Nor look impatient, nor be ſeen to yawn
At proſing dullneſs clad in ſacred lawn.
But if thy airy follies ſhould extort
The fretful vengeance of a captious court;
With gentle hints alarm a father's fears,
By kind remonſtrance urge a mother's tears;
That checks pedantic counſels,---this may feed
The preſent want and make her coffers bleed.

To pleaſe but half mankind 's an idle aim,
Yours be the luſt of univerſal fame.
Be gay with youth and with the old be grave;
Proud with the courtier, with the fair a ſlave.
Folly's a pretty plaything, but the day
Of haſty life muſt not be paſs'd in play.
Let then young pleaſure ſometimes yield the pow'r
To ſage reflection's ſolitary hour;
Regard the paſt nor, idly, ſet at nought
The humble maxims that a MARKHAM taught.
To know the world, round every circle run
Nor fear to do what wiſer men have done,
'Tis in the world, that univerſal ſchool,
Where you muſt learn the ſov'reign art to rule:
Thus train'd, my darling boy, you'll greatly ſway
The ſceptre's weight and make mankind obey.

There

There the FIFTH HENRY whoſe tranſcendent name,
Lives ever-honour'd in the roll of fame,
'Mid thieves and villains learn'd to grace a throne,
And add another kingdom to his own.
How well the bright example you purſue,
Who ſtrive an HENRY's riots to outdo;
To leave him far behind you nobly aim
In preſent folly as in future fame,
But diff'rent ages different manners grace.
One change eternal goads the human race.
T'oppoſe is vain; not all the power of kings
Can ſtop the common courſe of common things.
Thy Falſtaff doth another nature wear
Than the lewd greybeard who was wont to ſhare
Hal's joyous nights; thy Falſtaff will not be
Content with whim and letch'rous revelry,
Of vice as various as his parts poſſeſs'd,—
No bluſhing ſcruple lurking in his breaſt,

Ready

Ready to pander for luſt's private hour,
To plot for preſent, or for future power,
With varying art to ply the deep debate,
To raiſe ſedition and embroil the ſtate;
Above all GAD'S-HILL plunders, but tho' free
From petty crimes, would rob the treaſury;
And night and day with his vile crew would toil
To drain the laſt rich drop of India's ſpoil;
Such is your Falſtaff---but beware the art
With which he'll try to gain thy eaſy heart:
Truſt not his words; what tho', in accents loud,
He roars of freedom to a gaping croud,
In his baſe heart the ſecret wiſhes crave
To ſoil the crown and make his prince a ſlave.
Think not he loves thee, or that honeſt zeal
Prompts a ſmooth tongue his duties to reveal.
Some bold, ſome cunning paſſion bears the ſway
Within his ſoul and marks thee for it's prey.

To gain his ends, no art he leaves untry'd,
He creeps with meanneſs or he ſoars with pride;
He now will flatter and anon pretend
To give the graver counſels of a friend:
Perhaps to faction's rage he'd lead thee on
And bid thee laugh at dreaming DODDINGTON. *

But in your preſent intervening ſtate,
While expectation dooms you to await
More ſolid honours and a riper age,
Falſtaff and Falſtaff's tribe may well engage
Thy youthful moments; well may'ſt thou employ
The parti-colour'd crew in ſocial joy:
To cheer thy banquet and thy mirth to raiſe
With attic wit and proſtituted praiſe
To tell the bawdy tale, or ſmother ſenſe
In the rich vein of rapid eloquence;

* Here is a very apt alluſion to the excellent memorial of Mr. *Doddington*, mentioned in a former note.

To bear thy jeers, to play each ſcurvy trick
That flatters folly,---but makes reaſon ſick;
Or, ſhould thy need a quick ſupply demand,
To ſearch each corner of Judæan land;
To ſell POST-OBITS,* or a JEWEL bear
To hide it's luſtre in a broker's care; †

This

* The lives of common fathers are common commodities in the jewiſh market;—but my curioſity is rather awake to know how a *poſt obit* could be arranged, which hangs upon the life of the father of his people;—This idea brings an event to my mind, that may without any impropriety, be recorded on this page.—On one of the days appointed for the commemoration of *Handel*, I happened to be ſeated near ſome of the few members of oppoſition, who attended on that occaſion, and was more than ſurprized to ſee them all move off, at the commencement of the *coronation anthem*, except one, who ſat next to me, and very ſoon explained the cauſe of their departure; for upon the grand burſt of *God ſave the King*, he ſeemed to receive a ſlight electrical ſtroke; at *long live the King*, the ſhock appeared to be very violent indeed; but at *may the King live for ever*, he ſtarted from his place, ſwore by God *that was too much*, and hurried away with a moſt indecent impatience.

† A new *georgium ſidus* has been lately diſcovered, of which Mr. *Herſchel* is totally ignorant. It was thought at firſt to be a fixed ſtar; but

This be their varied office; for theſe ends,
Indulge their ſilly pride and call them friends.
But would you make their uſeful ſlav'ry laſt,
To all your wiſhes would you bind them faſt,
Feed their fond hopes, throw out the golden bait;
Let future views of wealth, of power and ſtate
Play on their glowing fancies; to their eyes,
Let airy wands, and airy ribbands riſe;
Nor ſpare the flattery while, in viſion bright,
The fancied coronets entrance the ſight;

of late it has proved it's right to an admiſſion into the planetary ſyſtem; it's courſe is very eccentric, neither orbicular or parabolical, but proceeds in ſtrait lines and zig-zags, with a great variety of turnings and windings. It is ſometimes ſeen in full blaze on a cloudy night, and at other times, tho' the firmament is without a vapour, no eye can diſcern it. But the moſt ſingular circumſtance attending this ſtar, is it's portentous powers; for it's progreſſive motions never fail to denote a great dearth of money, as it's retrograde progreſs is a certain ſign of a return of wealth.—A more particular hiſtory of this ſingular phænomenon is preparing for the preſs, and will be given with all due expedition, to the anxious expectations of the philoſophic world.

While

While gilded patents charm the future peer,
And promis'd titles greet his raviſh'd ear.
---But when thy fated paſſions rage no more,
And wild exceſs is purg'd by boiling o'er;
When thy chang'd mind, renew'd by wiſdom's rays,
Gives the fair earneſt of thy future days.
With princely reſolution, bid adieu
To the bold leader, and his ſervile crew,
Daſh his fond hopes,---and, in the tow'ring pride
Of all their wiſhes, ſpurn them from your ſide.
Delighted Britain will the deed approve,
And well reward thee with a nation's love. *

* The preceding ſcraps of admonition, tho' well imagined in themſelves, were ill-timed by our ghoſt, as they had been offered to the object of them, by the *good fleſh and blood* he had about him, long and long ago. But the final ſtring of good counſels does the ghoſt honour; and that they may be followed, may the *father of ſpirits* grant in his infinite mercy and goodneſs. Amen and amen.

I can no more: the mornings ſtreaky light
Warns me to ſeek the duſky realms of night:
Adieu, thou deareſt honour to thy race,
Fain would I claſp thee in a fond embrace,
But Heav'n forbids."---It ſpoke, and as it ſtrove
T'expreſs th' endearments of parental love,
It melted into air.---In rude ſurpriſe
FLORELLO woke, for inſtant help he cries,
On W---je calls, to whom in wild affright
He told the chilling horrors of the night;
Nor could the favour'd caterer refuſe
T'unfold the ſtory to the tell-tale muſe;
And the big muſe, in language all her own,
Conveys the important ſecret through the town.

11:7:49

THE END.

I can no more the morning's freshly light
Warns me to seek the duty realms of night:
Adieu, thou dearest honour to thy race,
Pain would I clasp thee in a long embrace,
But Heav'n forbids!"—It spoke, and as it drove
T'express th' endearments of parental love,
It melted into air.—In rude surprise
Fonseca woke, for infant help he cries
On W---ja calls, to whom in wild affright
He told the chilling horrors of the night;
[illegible]
[illegible]
And the big words in [illegible]
Conveys the important secret through the town.

THE END